



The

Acorn



GRADUATION ISSUE

Club News

On April 29, in room 13, the Association for Childhood Education elected their officers for the academic year of 1955-1956. Mary Curtin of the junior class was elected president. Other officers elected were: Kathleen Dolan, vice-president; Claire Cavanaugh, secretary; and Sheila Morrissey, treasurer.

Le Cercle francais culminated the year's activities with a banquet held at a French restaurant in Boston. The newly-elected officers of this organization include: president, Florine Severance; vice-president, Donald Cousineau; secretary, Rose Iaccarino; treasurer, Andrew Nicholas; and social chairman, Barbara Oswell.

At the last meeting of the Debating Society elections were held to choose a new slate of officers for the coming year with the following results: Nicholas Pacella, president; Gerald Maloney, vice-president; Kathleen Daw, secretary; and Christine O'Leary.

The International Relations Club elected the following officers for the school year 1955-1956. George Ford was elected president. Vice-president, John Neal. Secretary is Jean A. Corey. Treasurer is Adele M. Abood. The Steering Committee includes Ronald Desmarais, Kathleen Daw and Thomas Dufy. The Club held a spaghetti dinner at Dino's Restaurant on May 23 to which all members were cordially invited.

At the last meeting of the Newman Club, officers were elected for next year. They are: Patricia A. McGuire, president; James J. O'Brien, vice-president; Carol B. Anderson, secretary; Paul E. Sullivan, treasurer; and Gail P. Canane, Elaine F. Curran, Bernadette M. Morgan and Jane H. Vecchione, social co-chairmen. For the culminating activity of the season, the club held its traditional Honor Night for Seniors on May 17 at Christ the King Church.

The special speaker of the evening was the Reverend William Hardy. Entertainment was provided by Claire Tierney who was accompanied by Thomas Sheahan.

On May 9, Gamma Chi Chapter of Kappa Delta Pi honored five sophomores at a reception at the college. Honored were: Donald Fancy, Noreen Mattimore, Irene Orchu, Corinne Shea; and Ann Spets. At this time Miss Feeley of Upsala Street School put on a demonstration lesson which proved to be a most interesting spectacle. She proved, without any doubt, that with special teaching and attention it was possible for the hard of hearing child to communicate with others. On May 13, election of officers were held with the following results: president, John Neal; vice-president, Florine Severance; secretary, Miriam Ivok; treasurer, Andrew Nicholas; and recorder-historian, Ann Matthews.

I would like to express my deep thanks and appreciation to all those persons who have contributed news to this column.

THE COLONEL SAYS: The Returns Are In.

Friday, April 15th, found the Worcester State Teachers College a bee-hive of activity. The Sophomores were busy preparing for their Prom that evening and it was election day for all class officers and student council members.

When the smoke had cleared from these memorable political contests, your writer witnessed the following revelations. The Senior Class's "Ship of State" will have John P. Neal at the helm. His crew will include Evelyn Langton, vice-president; Bernice Morgan, secretary; Ken Powers, treasurer and Paul Fistori and Miriam Ivok, social co-chairmen. Elected to the Student Council were Pat McGuire, Joe Deely and Dick Pingleton.

The Sophomores found time to vote between decorations in the gym, but like the Juniors, had to wait until after vacation to hear the results of their voting. The results showed an overwhelming approval of the present administration for there were no changes with the sole exception of the office of Treasurer which was a very close contest. The vote of confidence found Don Horan re-elected as President; Claire Cavanaugh, Vice-President; Jean Remse, Secretary; Jim O'Brien, Treasurer and Jane Kelly, Social Chairman. Elected to the Student Council were Art DelPrete and Tom Jackson. GOOD LUCK!!!!

The Freshman vote was considered to be in some circles somewhat of a mild upset. This writer anticipated Freshman division loyalty in voting, as is often the case. The results proved different, however, and one of two Freshman in the same division, running together with a third person of another division for the same office, won out. The results: Paul Sullivan, President; Carol Roseen, Vice-President; Marie Fitzgibbons, Secretary; Tom McCrain, Treasurer and Nancy Bourke and Mary Lee, Social Co-Chairman. Elected to the Student Council were Ray Comeau and Grace Trainer. All the best!!!!

The Colonel closes with the remark (It's food for thought.) "How about showing your appreciation to the varsity sport contingency by supporting any project put forth so as to award school jackets to lettermen????"

ACORN STAFF HOLDS BANQUET

On May 16, a banquet was held at the Old Mill in Westminster to mark the conclusion of a successful year in the field of journalistic endeavor. The occasion—the banquet of the Acorn Staff. Present were members of the staff along with Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Saunders, Mr. Saunders being faculty advisor of the group.

Honored were nine students: seven who received certificates for meritorious work published in the Acorn; and two who received the Columbia Scholastic Press Association Award for outstanding contributions to our college publication.

JUST JAZZ

When jazz moved to Chicago, it came into an area that was enough like New Orleans to provide a familiar setting. Jazz moved from the dives of Perdido street to the dives of Bronzeville, and the transition was made with almost no effort. In addition to giving the New Orleans musicians a place to roost, Chicago afforded something else, something that jazz could never have had in the south . . . a white audience. Not long after King Oliver had settled down, to be joined later by his protege, Louis Armstrong, a gang of high school youngsters came to listen to the fabulous duet of the Oliver-Armstrong concerts. These youngsters listened and went home to the woodshed, and it was not long before they were producing some fine jazz of their own. The speakeasies soon were rocking to white bands playing Negro music. Eddie Condon, Gene Krupa, Benny Goodman, and, of course, the immortal Bix Beiderbecke, were some of these teenagers who grew into famous musicians; and there were many more who, while not known to the general public, were worshipped by jazzmen as men who first brought jazz to a nation-wide audience.

Jazz changed here, losing the chugging beat and lack of solos characteristic of the New Orleans school, and substituting a light, steady, driving beat, and an opportunity for individual work not afforded previously. These two factors are characteristic of what we call Chicago, or Dixieland jazz.

The white musicians introduced something which, if not wholly absent among the New Orleans musicians, was at least rare—the ability to read music. It was only natural that this would be incorporated into what had been an improvised music. The improvisation was thus limited to solo work, while ensemble playing was pre-arranged and written. (Of course, it did not take very long for the colored musicians to follow suit, and in a short time color lost its efficacy as a guide to reading ability).

Without written arrangements, bands are usually restricted in size to about seven or eight pieces, or what is generally called a "combo". However, with each man playing a written part, the members of the band won't be stumbling over each other, musically speaking, and there is an opportunity to use an unlimited number of musicians. This led to big bands, and eventually developed into a new school of playing, the "swing" school.

Swing musicians brought the greatest measure of fame and geographical universality that jazz has yet enjoyed. The bands of the thirties — Ellington, Goodman, Berrigan, Basie, Lunceford (all present-day admirers of Billy May should listen to the old Lunceford band), James, Krupa, the Dorseys, Miller—all played in the best hotels, concert halls and theaters in the country. The concert given by Benny Goodman in 1938 at Carnegie Hall, and released in record form thirteen years later, produced the best selling jazz album to date.

There is no need to explain what swing is; there are thousands of records available. So listen for yourself. If after hearing you still don't understand, we can only refer you to a story whose hero is the late Fats Waller. A dowager, having heard him play, asked Fats to explain swing to her. Fats is reported to have replied, "Lady, if you got to have it defined for you, you ain't got it."

DON FANCY.

Those receiving certificates were Louise Agurkis, Robert Dana, Paul Davis, Donald Fancy, Leonard Salvin, Corinne Shea, and David Tomoloni. Recipients of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association Awards were Barbara Hickey and Anne Hussey.

HAVE A PLEASANT VACATION

The CAMERA COLUMN

One of the most memorable occasions in anyone's life is that great day when the crowning glory of four year's hard work materializes with the awarding of the degrees on graduation day. Naturally, a photograph of that great moment is something that the graduate (as well as his family) will treasure forever.

A Magic Room

When I come home from work at night, I always stop and peek in at my daughter before going to bed. The first thing that I am aware of upon entering the room is the silence. It is a heavenly silence, a peaceful silence which seems to cushion my feet and eliminate my footsteps, a silence which excludes anger and violence and admits only love and goodness, a silence as profound as that in a cathedral during the consecration.

Then there is the small light which seems to be like a halo laid down by an angel and waiting to be picked up and donned by her when she awakens, a light which doesn't make the room bright, but rather, bathes it in a soft glow that could only be compared to the light surrounding the child Jesus in that manger many years ago, a light which makes the blue walls like the blue of the ocean in the early evening.

The scarred rocking-horse, with his paint-chipped mane and broken tail, stands in the corner like a great, proud stallion waiting patiently for his master. The dolls and stuffed animals are like soldiers guarding a great treasure. And yet, they seem to resemble, even more, a great group of living people who have come to worship a saint. The eyes of these dolls and stuffed animals all point to that low, cerulean, four-posted bed which holds the most beautiful sight that man can ever hope to see—a sleeping child.

She sleeps on her stomach with her knees tucked under her and her arms wide spread. The blanket is usually rolled under rather than spread over her. But, it is her hands and face which draw my attention. They are chubby, little hands with fingers half closed; hands made to hold a heart, her daddy's heart; hands which grip my finger with trust and love as I lean over to kiss her. Her face is calm, a face which reflects all the goodness that God has ever put into the world. It is a small face with each feature praising the perfect artistry of God, a face which is out of place in this world of man; a face which belongs only in heaven, a face that is surrounded by a mass of ringlets falling one on another, a face that God is proud to say is His creation.

When I leave this magic room, I find myself thanking God that He has seen fit to bless me with this small angel made in His image, and likeness, and love.

—Belanger.

But there is much more to graduation day than this great climax, and the alert photographer usually runs out of film sooner than out of picture ideas. The jubilant excitement of the family, the graduate's calmness (or nervousness, whichever the case may be), the countless gifts, the actual commencement ceremonies, the crowd that flocks about the graduate to congratulate him, and the celebration that follows the commencement are just a few of the many scenes that should be photographed on this great day. A special graduation day album photographically telling the story of the entire day, from morning till night, would tell the

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The Acorn

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Editorial

Within the space of a few short days, the senior class will have realized a goal that has demanded a tremendous amount of effort and perseverance. It goes without saying that the road to any worthwhile goal is a long and hard one—and sometimes the goal seems shrouded in haze and beyond reach. How often have the seniors, during their four years of training been tempted to give up the struggle and bow in defeat? How often have they felt themselves burden with responsibilities that seemed virtually impossible to carry?

Undoubtedly, they wondered how they would ever succeed, but now the days of wondering are past. They well realized that the tests they were faced with were not without reason—they understood that the patience-trying tasks they had to perform were a part of a major aim—to serve well in a dedicated profession.

Contrary to what many people think, teachers do not have much of a private life. Someone once remarked that a teacher leads a goldfish's life and nothing could be closer to the truth. No teacher, either at work or play, ever escapes the critical eye of the public—no teacher, because of the duties he is expected to perform in addition to his teaching obligations, can safely call his "free" time his own. He is at all times subject to the will of the community and he is expected to serve it whenever needed.

In view of these facts, the trials that all student-teachers must meet and master seem anything but unreasonable—it is a preparation for the problems they will face as teachers in the community. Yes, the seniors have succeeded in reaching their goal, they are ready now to work in a field for which they have been diligently trained—good luck seniors, may the lives you lead be fruitful ones.

POETRY Re-Awakening

With selfish eyes I searched, my love
For things without true meaning,
Not qualities that from above
From God's graces you are gleaning.
My love, I care not how you dress,
What book you read or play you see;
Only that deep essential goodness
Of primal importance is to me.
That faith which gives such strength to you
Has re-entered my humbled heart,
And widened my uncertain, narrow view
From earthly bounds to heaven's start.

Yes, enlightenment with a blinding glare
Closed these aching, self-sick eyes,
And when I woke you were standing there—
A haven where comfort and promise lies.
Because I re-discovered Him,
I turned and found His creature, you.
The brimming love I have for Him
Has overrun and touched you too.
Now I live only that we
May strive to do His will on earth,
And share this love unendingly
In the beauty of our eternal berth.

LOUISE AGURKIS.

Commencement

Mr. Whitcomb was a proud man as he sat gazing at the faces of the students and dignitaries assembled in cap and gown on the stage of the STC auditorium. While the strains of Pomp and Circumstance filled the hall and as the organ music guided the footsteps of the class of '55 up the stairs and across the platform, he felt tiny ripples of heat and cold running up and down his spine. He almost felt like a celebrity and secretly wished that he could be called upon to make a speech. He knew just what he would say if by some quirk of fate, he was called from the audience and asked to say a few words.

The longer he sat, the more real did his dream of addressing the audience become . . . and then it happened. The voice of the President loudly and clearly explained to those gathered in the auditorium that sitting in the audience was a man dear to the heart of State Teachers College and it would be a great privilege to have Charles Whitcomb join the graduates on the stage and receive an honorary degree.

Amid thunderous applause Mr. Whitcomb rose to his feet, adjusted his clothing and made his way to the stage. After the proper salutation he began his speech. Like a seasoned orator he spoke, his well rehearsed words and gestures capturing the attention of his audience so that every eye focused intently upon him.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have a confession to make. I am in love with three women. Ordinarily a man will not admit that he loves a lady unless she happens to be his betrothed or his wife so I am risking my reputation when I publicly announce that I am in love, not with one, but three."

A roar of laughter echoed through the room. Mr. Whitcomb waited a moment until the wave of laughter died down and then continued. "Before my wife gets any wrong ideas about me, I must say that she is one of the women I am talking about. The second is a young blonde who is right here on this stage taking part in this 79th Commencement, my daughter Ann. And the third is an elderly lady who has been a foster mother to hundreds of people through the years. She was born in 1871 right here in Worcester and I have adopted her because I believe in her and respect her. Her name is Alma Mater which translated from Latin means Foster Mother. You all know her as STC . . . State Teachers College."

"Although I never had the good fortune to attend this college as a student, I have received a liberal education from it through two of the lovely ladies I mentioned before. As a young man I courted and won in marriage Katherine Smith who graduated from this school in 1932. Her class was the first to receive diplomas on this stage. During the 1932 Commencement I was in the audience and I still can remember filling my nostrils with the pleasant odor of fresh plaster and wood that is so characteristic of a new building. And during the past four years while by daughter Ann has been a student at this college it has been very much like a refresher course for my wife Katherine and myself."

"Often when I look at my daughter, I am carried back to the years when her mother was a student at this school. Even though time marches on, it seems to pause every so often to give the young people of the present an opportunity to taste and experience things of the past. The people who graduated from STC in 1932 experienced the same emotions, danced to much of the same music, wore styles in clothes and hair almost the same as these graduates, and they looked forward to a teaching career just like the members of the class of 1955."

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Tomolonius Says:

We've concluded that Joni James is the only vocalist on record who can hit so many sour notes and get away with it. "When you Wish upon a Star" is one of the easiest songs ever written to sing and sound good, however, Joni's is mediocre and is the "B" side of a tuneless and equally sloppily lyricized "Is this the End of the Line." Frank Sinatra's latest "Learning the Blues" is bound to catch on but unhappily not so for Frankie Laine's "Go to your Ford Dealers" despite the able backing of Mitch Miller. (We're facetious at times.) Watching the Jane Froman show the other night we were made to lament how wonderful it might have been had Jane been able to sing.

We don't know whether to blame "Crazy (ugh) Otto" of Life Magazine fame for the sudden turn to vodvil promoted by Perry Como's "Nobody", Johnny Desmond's "Give Me a Straw Hat and a Cane", or sundry banjo-backed monstrosities like "It's a Sin to tell a Lie". There are good reversions, however, namely — Bill Kenney's "My Echo, My Shadow, and Me" and Al (Unchained) Hibbler's version of Duke's "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me" accompanied by Duke Ellington himself.

We thought that Sid Caesar's panning of modern quartets was hilarious, not because the "Three Haircuts" routine (which, once enacted was brought back by popular demand a few weeks later) was so absurd, but because it was actually typical of what the Four Coins and the Crewcuts have been recording. That's not to say we don't approve of these groups. Most of their sides are good, foot-stomping tunes; one in particular which really moves us is The Four Coins on "I Love You Madly", which, to our mind, is the most like Caesar's, Reiner's, and Morris's "Goin' Crazy".

Hamilton, Hibbler, and Les Baxter are all fine on "Unchained Melody" but the most impressive version which we saw and heard was Perry Como assisted by a piano duet on T. V. It's not hard to distinguish a standard when one like "Unchained" comes along. Even though it is being currently driven into the ground we know it's bound to come back to the surface time and time again in the ensuing years.

Junior Secondarie

With Summer vacation drawing near there is still a chance for some girl to get Herbie. The latest is that he may get married this Summer. Girls, when you have the honor to ride in Herb's car would you please refrain from using perfume. It seems that on a trip from Boston A.H. and R.I. used a trifle too much. While in Boston the girls tried on hats, but when they heard the price was in the vicinity of eighty dollars the hats were forgotten. What could the reason be for Eddie B. to buy three pounds of tomatoes.

There is a new card club among the men in our class. The Pinochle Club members include Dick Pingeton, Dave Shea, Dave Sugarman, Charlie Faverault, and Bill Ferris. If anyone is interested in golf instructions see Dave Shea who will give them a reasonable rate. Have you heard that Carl LaPoint has a new job in Princeton? He is now a grave digger; I wonder where he digs these jobs up?

It seems strange to see John Neal's car got to Tantasqua without getting lost. Could Tom D. be the reason? Have you noticed the latest style sweat pants that Paul Fistori is displaying? Why the orange hue Paul? What was the purpose behind Bob Dana's questioning some of our class members on where they were going to spend their Summer vacation?

If anyone is interested in turtles see Florine S. It was by majority vote that Dick Buffard is the smallest male member of our class. If someone knows of a job please contact Bill Lavoie. All the luck to Bob A. in his new home. For the ride of your life see Frank Burbank. N.S. is a source in all types of life. Alice remember never to keep Herbie waiting. If you are interested in an excellent speech contact Jack W. If interested in a badminton match contact Sue M. To get information about practice teaching contact Rudy D., John K., and Gerald P. That's it for another year. Hope to see you all in the Fall.

A Look Around Us

"Blackboard Jungle"—is realism in all the sordid brutality of the modern day production. Recently a motion picture, based upon a novel by the same title, it made its premiere in the city of Worcester. It dealt with the school conditions of a slum section of any large city and the public for the most part was shocked.

However, there was one aspect of the plot which perhaps was applicable to any teen-ager in any economic environment. It represented a philosophy held by one of the individuals who was the main source of trouble throughout the dramatization. In modified form it may be said that it does characterize the attitude prevalent throughout the country. Basically it was that today there is not much use in trying to do anything for the future or in preparation for that future, as for the most part it holds little promise; in essence, it is love, laugh, and be merry for tomorrow we die.

Fortunately those of stronger character while they realize the uncertain, unstable insecure position of the world will attempt to live in spite of the conditions. Nevertheless part of the juvenile problem may be synonymous with this attitude.

* * *

Another school year has slipped by, leaving those who are still here looking ahead, while those who are graduating look fondly at four years passed. At first glance many take for granted as dull or uneventful the time that ponderously, but surely, moves in eternity. Each day offers very little but routine, nothing impressive, for tomorrow never comes, it is always today.

Therefore it is to the wise to learn to realize that even the most common activities of everyday living are appreciable. They are moments in eternity never recaptured, never duplicated, but if lived, never lost.

—Winslow.

Have A Pleasant Vacation

The Camera Column

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story completely—while just a few pictures cannot possibly tell the whole story.

Plan your shots ahead of time, and be ready for the unexpected, so that you can get those extra shots that mean so much. Have all your equipment set up far in advance. Then you won't have to fuss with the technical details while your best pictures slip through your fingers.

The "modern" trend is that the cap and gown are old-fashioned and should be thrown away, rather than included in the pictures. This is silly. Photographs are supposed to tell a story. Without the cap and gown, the pictures lose this storytelling quality. One glance at the cap and gown unmistakably says "graduate", while without these symbols of graduation it may be impossible to tell that a graduation day scene is represented by the photograph.

Now that we have the cap and gown in the picture, watch that tassel! Be sure the tassel is so arranged as to show the photograph without hanging across the graduate's face.

Color film and flash are your best bet for excellent pictures. With the new high speed color films, technical details are a cinch; and of course, color photographs are far more realistic than black and white, so they will be greatly appreciated by the graduate and his family.

That winds up the CAMERA COLUMN series for its first year. I sincerely hope these articles were interesting to everyone who read them. Best of luck to all the graduates—and to their graduation day photographers!

—Leonard Salvin.

ACORNITIS

Hi FRESHMEN! Here we are again with lots of information on what's new in the Class of 1958. Congratulations to Loretta Beringer. She was pinned to Tony Scancelli at the Worcester Tech Junior Prom. Mary Kelly was seen at the dance also. Carol Roseen has had stars in her eyes lately. Bill must be coming home quite often. Glad to see that Kay Bergstrom is back with Russ. Understand that Connie Polini has three or four on the string now. Did you have a nice time at St. Anslems Connie? What was the topic of interest at Coes Pond one Wednesday afternoon for the F1 girls? Heard it caused quite a sensation. Lots of surprises at the Freshman Extra Dance. Mary Lee seemed to be having a very nice time with a very nice Sophomore. Is Judy Kane dating another Billy? There's been plenty of buzzing about the coming vacation and a large percentage of the Freshmen girls are planning on going to Hyannis. Have a wonderful time kids. Arlene Latour has been seen pretty much with a certain senior who pitches on the S.T.C. baseball team. Is his name Kenny? Is Kay Desy trying to wear out that khaki skirt? Shame on the F6 boys letting the girls beat them in softball. We've heard that Tony Cimino has a secret admirer. We've also heard that she is in F1. Why was Maureen Cusson so upset when the kids stole her belt in gym? It seems that Paul Dillon has been going pretty steady with Gail. There was a birthday party for Betty Berry one Tuesday during third hour—cake and all. Guess that's all for now. See you again next year. Have a nice vacation.

Senior Scoops

Since we are seniors, this is the last opportunity we shall have to goodnaturedly tease, in print, the members of our class. We shall miss the little jokes and anecdotes that brightened our days, and were so much a part of our friends. But we musn't continue in this vein, or we'll probably get sloppily sentimental, so on with the scoops!

First of all, we hope that by the time this paper is published, everyone will have a date for the Senior Prom. Right now, semi-panic reigns, with people scurrying around making calls and writing letters. In addition to this activity, a clever scheme was laid in the Cottage Doughnut Shop, the substance of which we cannot reveal at this time. . . . Hear tell that Alice Nugent has been dating a Hollywood celebrity, Montgomery Clift, I believe. . . . Did you realize that we have two wealthy socialites in our class who spend their vacations in Bermuda? But Eleanor Kowalczyk and Frannie Callahan didn't forget us, as many postcards were sent. . . . We realize that Pauline Kane likes ice cream, but would she go all the way across the city to Holmes' for it? Must be another reason. . . . Who is the senior girl who received 25 invitation to H.C.'s Senior Ball? . . . Jean Henegan only owes \$1,000 on her charge accounts. . . . Neil Daly wins the prize for the most original hesitation step. . . . By the way, Jack, what did you think of "Shakuntala"? . . . A little applause here. Mary Derderian recently participated in a production of "The Vagabond King". . . . Wedding bells will be pealing for many seniors come summer time. Congratulations to Sally Blood and Fran Rouleau, Sam Goodwin, Jack Loughnane, Madeline McGinn, Dolly Moore, Tom Severance, and Nancy McGrath. . . . Congratulations are also in order for Fran Callery, who expects to become a father in September. . . . Summer vacation plans are being made at this time with Jack Hayes and Jack Finlay, the orange bathing suit kids, sojourning back to Falmouth, and Jo Paulino whipping up to Hampton. . . . Did you know that we have a linguist extraordinaire in our class in the person of Jack Gray? He speaks Japanese!! . . . Mr. Smith has joined the ranks—our latest rabble rouser. . . . What do they do for fertilizer in China, Mary? . . . Babe Adamian and Paul O'Day just hated to go to the ball game in Boston the other day. They were dying to take some secondary girls along, hoping that they would enjoy it, thus making their trip worthwhile. . . . You just never know who you're going to meet in drugstores these days, do you, Eleanor? . . . Paul Marcheseault's unique method of sliding into seats is excelled by none. . . . A little more applause here. We are proud of our Lois Goode who was honored with a plaque at the W.A.A. banquet. . . . Who was the untanned gentleman patiently waiting in the corridor for Del Manning? . . . Because of her remarkable efforts, our nomination for the "Most Outstanding Woman Driver of the Year" is Ann End. . . . Oh, Honey, the Prom is **June 2**, not **May 2**!! . . . That ever popular guy from Uppah Burncoat has three bids to the Senior Prom. . . . No, Lou and Doris aren't dating twins, or brothers, or even relatives. Just an amazing coincidence! . . . Joan Casey knows a boy scout who whips up a blaze in only five hours' time. . . . Are they really going to stuff Jim Sheehan and prop him up outside the recruiting station? . . . If you want insurance of any type and at any price, see Clare O'Flynn. Her associations are indirect but influential. . . . Have you been to Sandra's Pizzeria? Generosity and graciousness is found at all times. For some reason, Barbara Mack's last visit there especially stands out in her mind. . . . Chris Dionis

IDLE A WHILE

I hope that this story will do . . .
Its title is "Nuts to You".

This column was originally devised to allow for a bit of nonsense in the news—and believe me no other word could be applied to the following, (and I hope you're following). The story is true and only the names of the ghost writers have been changed. Our subject for today's ruination is "Nuts". Oh, not just any old type of nut, but a variety commonly entitled PISTACHIO. Actually, the eating of this variety is not the simple affair one would ascertain it to be—no indeedy! Nut cracking, and nutmeat eating are in themselves work (works of art that is to say). You may be sure that to be a successful connoisseur one must have certain rules to follow. (Wonder if that's anything like a dinosaur)??

According to the latest poles, North and South for example) the following have been deemed most successful in the partaking of such delicacies.

1. Place the thumbs (taking it for granted that you are equipped with two) on either side of the nut.
2. Place the finger nails in the split along the side of the shell (if you are lucky enough to find a nut possessing such a cracked exterior).
3. Pull gently in opposite directions and apply pressure (unless your fingernails have already been torn off.)
4. When the shell is open, remove its tender insides and pop into mouth, (unless the meat has already popped onto the floor when you were so busy pulling foolishly at the shell.)
5. Chew slowly (you may never get the chance to open a nut shell as successfully.)

The above rules have been devised for those people with fairly strong fingernails—and weak teeth. And speaking of teeth (I was you know), there is another method of cracking open a pistachio. These rules are to be used in the event that you have a strong jaw, a weak mind, and your own teeth.

1. Place nut in mouth, between teeth, after checking your insurance policy to see if it covers your future dentures.
 2. Apply pressure by bringing down the upper teeth and raising those few still located at the lower level.
 3. Apply still more pressure until you feel something crack (it will invariably be your teeth so cheer up).
 4. See the very best dentist in town for your new upper plate.
- And in the immortal words of P. Ivy,
"I think that I shall never see, a pistachio—nuttier than me."

CINDY.

demand a star-spangled platform and a canopy for his Class Day speech. . . . We don't mind you sleeping, Tom, but must you snore? . . . Raymo's latest contribution is a short cut from Boston to Westminster. . . . Purple shoes are this month's rage; or if you prefer comfort, try the black bedroom slipper type. . . . The setting of Babe's play sure sounds familiar. Now, as the sun sets on Thor-eau's pond, we bid a final farewell from President Tinley and his floggie birds.

Louise J. Agurkis
Pauline A. Kane

Tomolonius Discusses A National Holiday

It seems about a month after Phil NAPOLEON met his Waterloo in JUNE Christy in the year 1775, the tyrant king of England, KING COLE XII was brought disturbing news by his right-hand noble, Count Basie. One day the Count made a "One O'clock Jump" over the palace wall and announced that a combo in the colonies made up of Dinah WASHINGTON and Jeri ADAMS was planning to revolt and go progressive. After Dr. Gillespe revived the tyrant, the King scoffed and assured the count that the colonies were "Too Young" to even consider such a thing. He didn't dig the plan in the least, however, and sent a fleet stateside to show he was FRANK Sinatra in his indignation. His fleet commander was a hillbilly from the Hebrides named Red

Foley who had gambled away his guitar at a local poker game and while exploring Galway Bay had founded a "Lighthouse" there. King Cole XII said that while "Red Sails in the Sunset", I'll stay "Home" while my able captain patrols Joni JAMEStown. On the way to the states Captain Red ran aground on the "Isle of Capri" where COModore PERRY formerly of Chesterfield County let go three choruses of "Kokomo" and captured the once proud fleet. This upset the high-strung king so much that he snapped his cap and sent a nasty proclamation to Senator Ella Mae MORSE of Oregon stating that he knew what was happening and that he was declaring a full-scale blowout. The Secretary of the Treasury at the time was a cat named Roy Hamilton who, not knowing where he was getting the money to pay the troops, conferred with a local bookie named J. (aye) P. MORGAN saying, "Six million samolians is all I want from you." The bookie complied and gave the cabbage to General Peggy LEE who charged down to Stan GETZburg with some minutemen to stall Duke Ellington who was transporting his invaders inland. At the same time, Richard RODGERS and CLARK Dennis were exploring the Mississippi until they got "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans" and got stuck in the "Mississippi Mud." There they ran into a native chief named Otto "Jumbalya" who boasted to be a direct descendant of Hank Williams and whom, for all practical purposes, was called Otto. When the chief let go the news to the guide "Davey Crockett" that there was a torrid ses-

sion being blown back east, Davey replied, "Crazy, Otto" and immediately paddled his canoe up Basin Street to see if he could sit in on the session. Back in "Foggy London Town" the prime minister who decreed that the redcoats burn down SAVANNAH, CHURCHILL threw up his first two chubby digits to declare victory for his side, but alas, he had gestured too soon. The king of the wild frontier had it out with the British General Wallis stand-to-stand and all the spectators agreed that Davey blew the coolest of the two. General Wallis, being a pretty good scout about the whole deal, offered Davey his saxophone bearing the king's seal but Davey refused it saying, "That's pure CORN, WALLIS, why don't you go back to that Guy Lombardo?" The General got hot under the collar over the needle and called his troops back to Ireland even though it was a heck of a "Long Way to Tipperary." That same afternoon Marilyn drew up the MONROE Doctrine which provided that Dinah WASHINGTON be thenceforth proclaimed the "Mother of Our Country."

And that, Class, is why the Fourth of July is always a Billie Holiday.

This Summer

Things to look for in the cold war this summer around the world, with Ike's cold war policy in view, are:

In Asia—Chiang Kai-shek is and will be restrained from using his Nationalist troops against the China mainland. The restraint will continue to apply unless Chiang needs to strike back in self-defense, which is not far from possible. . . .

Japan will be built up as a strong bulwark against China, thus permitting the United States to disengage herself somewhat in that part of the world. . . .

IN Europe—The United States will encourage conferences with Russia's leaders about European problems. . . . An Austrian peace treaty, now on the fire, is just the starter. . . . West Germany will be armed heavily and will serve in Europe as Japan does in Asia, that is, permitting the United States to draw back somewhat. . . .

Ike's plan for peace is based on his "doubts that the American people will be willing to bear the major part of the burden of defending both Asia and Europe." He is planning to allow the 300 million people in non-Communist Europe and the 680 million non-Communist Asiatics, both having tremendous industrial power, to take on the load when feasible. . . . This does not mean desertion of our allies. . . . Complete withdrawal is not our policy, but it is our policy to seek a gradual shift of responsibilities to our allies, who, once again, are becoming capable of standing on their own two feet. . . .

There is determination, both in Congress and in the Administration, to avoid concessions that do not bring equal or larger concessions on the part of the Communists. . . . Our aim is to negotiate deals, not surrenders or give-aways. . . .

There is always the possibility of hot war. . . . Communist China might attack Quemoy or Matsu, and that could do the trick. Chances of peace are, nevertheless, on the rise. . . . Ike is exchanging letters with Marshall Zhukov, Soviet Minister of Defense. Talks between Red China and the United States might come next. . . . then maybe, a Big Five meeting. . . .

It'll be quite a summer in diplomacy, and quite a summer at the beaches too.

Have a good summer—See you next September.

—George Ford.



sports

Sports in Review

by BOB DANA

This being the last issue of the "Acorn" for the present school year it is most important that we tie the loose ends together.

As this article is being written, the baseball season is only half over. At this mid-mark, the new jacketed Lancers have a 2-3 record. An opening day win by Ken Winkist and a May 12 victory by Soo Kachadorian (both over Lowell) account for the two notches in the win column. The losses were against Boston, Bridgewater, and Fitchburg.

No more predictions concerning the league standing of the ball club. I don't wish to be run out of town.

Now for some news . . . Recently, the basketball and baseball players received their letters.

Basketball Varsity Letters went to: Jack Hayes, Eddie Grant, Bill Ferris, Bob Ashe, Jack Regele, "Chick" Simon, Dave Shea, "Mutt" Eldridge, Bob Johnson, Ed McGovern, Paul Zaido, Dick Lane, and Ed Murphy. The basketball J.V. Letters go to—Kenny Winkist, Charlie Favreault, Dick Roy, Pete Trainor and Jim Halliday.

Baseball Lettermen are—Jack Hayes, Kenny Winkist, Paul Fistori, Jack Regele, Kelton Johnson, "Mutt" Eldredge, Soo Kachadorian, Don Horan, Ed McGovern, Tom Foley, Gerry Dottin, Paul Zaido, John Bulard, Bob Fougere, and Fran McDevitt.

To the graduating seniors that have been active in school sports you have the best wishes of the Baseball and Basketball teams.

To the underclassmen: Here's hoping that we will continue to produce the high caliber teams that we always have.

Have a pleasant Summer.

hand. Mr. Whitcomb was a proud man, very proud indeed.

—Esther Weinreb.

Dread

CORINNE SHEA

It's all over now. The whole miserable thing is finished. I think it will be all right to tell you about it now, since it certainly can't make any difference to my friend any more. It's too late, and things can't be undone. However, it could happen again—to you!

My friend knew it was going to happen; in fact, tension had been mounting in him week after week as he realized the inevitable was about to occur. He thought of the last-minute attempts he had made to rectify things. They had all been futile. Then, he'd thought he could come through all right and face up to it when the moment came, but as he was riding on the bus to the meeting-place, his nerve left him and he rode past the stop to the end of the line. Then, dazedly getting off the bus, he didn't even realize that the bus driver had said something to him. When the bus had departed and he had started walking back along the way he had come, he belatedly noticed that there was a cold, drizzling rain now and abstractedly recalled that that was what the driver had said. Nice guy, that bus driver, but he didn't know what it was like to be scared, scared so silly that you wouldn't notice if cats and dogs were actually falling on you.

He supposed others had experienced the same sinking sensations he was going through now, but at the moment he didn't give a darn about other people. In books and movies, the hero always just goes someplace else when things get too rough, but in real life it was different, especially when you really liked where you were, with one exception. He knew how he'd gotten into so much trouble. All those nights out with the gang conditioned him into not caring too much about one guy or what happened to him. Yes, that was it. If only he could forget that one guy,—forget that he was waiting for him and that now their positions were re-

versed and his adversary was on the winning side.

Now he was alone, with no gang to back him up. Things looked pretty different to him, viewing them from this aspect. He could feel his hands getting clammy and his heart beating a little faster as he came nearer to the meeting-place. Feverishly, he turned around, entertaining an idea of escape or a bolt out of the blue to save him. Nothing. Even the weather was against him; the sky was still spilling over its kettle of cold gray soup, drip by drip, and each drop sent shivers through him. The street lights seemed dimmer and the street itself seemed more deserted than ever before. Was it his imagination? Where did everyone go? He felt so sickeningly alone,—all alone.

The strains of "Nobody" suddenly ran through his head. He gave a sickly laugh. Before, that song had seemed like pure corn to him, but now he knew what that singer meant! Alone, still alone. Well, he was at his destination—there was no way out of it. He'd dug his own grave and no one else could fill it for him.

Pulling open the door of the dimly-lit building, he surveyed the flight of stairs he had to mount, and then started the long climb. With each step, the sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach grew worse. His heart seemed to be doing triple time and he couldn't control his trembling limbs. Just as he thought he couldn't endure another step, he reached the top of the stairs and grabbed at the banister for support, both physical and mental. Even the wood felt slimy to his touch.

Releasing it with a shudder, he stumbled to another door and pushed it open. The sudden appearance of light stabbed him in the eyes, blinding him for an instant, and as he struggled to regain his composure, he heard a low, deceptively calm voice say to him.

"Now, son, about this report card . . ."

Buy Savings Bonds
and Stamps

Sophomore Shavings

Well, the school year is coming to a close, and the following gems of gossip will be the last for a long while, so savor them well, students!

After having seen "Blackboard Jungle", are there any secondary aspirants who'd like to change their minds?

Many of those who went to the White Cliffs after the prom mistakenly tried to enter through a huge window, much to the delight of their supposed friends already inside. And did these "friends" offer any assistance? Not on your life!

Pat O'Leary and Claire Lynch seem to have two definite reasons for preferring Wyman's. Care to divulge any names, girls? And while on the subject of this hallowed soda shoppe, Red Connors and Bill Brosnihan seem to prefer it, too, though no one has as yet uncovered their reasons.

Anyone else like the "Elephant Tango" and Lena Horne's "Love Me Or Leave Me"? They're obviously two different types, but both are nice to listen to. (You'll just have to excuse that preposition!)

Rumor has it that Joan Hubbard has joined the list of the "steadies."

It's time to start up the old petition idea again to get classes held outside in good weather in the future. Now, who's the brave soul around to be another John Hancock?

While all the participants were not of this class, that really "cool" operatic noon-time session in the music room a few weeks ago ought to be mentioned. Active performers were Ray Scherdell, Armen Manuelian, Ron Aramando, Harry Bates, and Chris O'Leary.

Now, Miss Cavanaugh, what was your explanation of the "Mayor's Identity Episode" at the Scholarship Tea? It appears that you and a noted public servant have different versions of the same incident!

For the advantageous aspect of a ride on the Charles River, check with Frannie Noonan. She might have a few words on the subject, or at least on the topic of "frat" pins.

Not mentioning any names, but doesn't hearing a good male singer shout out some car commercial over and over every day on the radio lower him in your esteem?

That last week-end in April proved to be quite a busy one at many colleges, and many girls from here were present at the festivities. Kay Dolan and Hazel Sher were at Brown; Nancy Kane and Frannie Savasta were at Holy Cross; and Edith Thursby was at Tech.

In the style department, Anne Spets' unusual white skirt has attracted quite a bit of favorable comment, as have also Irene Orciuch's square red heels, and Jane Gilligan's cute yellow dress.

Has anyone ever actually seen Bob Perry out walking without his famous hat?

Frank Gaffney always looks as if he's plotting something, but so far, no one has caught him at anything, or has anyone? Remember, as stated before, all contributions are gratefully if not remuneratively accepted.

It's been heard that Norine Mattimore picks unusual places for her car to run out of gas. Hate to spread gossip and all that sort of thing, but is it true, Norine?

What's this, "B. J." Deserting to the freshman girls again?

Mr. Patterson's cute explanation in physics class of why two pith balls were attracted to each other was simply, "It's Spring!"

It's time to sign off for the sophomore year, now, so have a good vacation, and keep cool!

CORINNE SHEA.

MUSIC

The music of jazz with its restless beat
Has its origin within man's heart.
These strains of tragedy horned in cafe streets
And the intense, surging notes are part
Of man's very life, his lonely despair,
His painless raptures, and vague sensations;
But from classical tales with their enchanting airs,
Comes the music of sweet contemplation.

The rhythmic waves embrace the sandy beach,
And music is heard along the shore.
The tenderest of notes sound in lovers' speech,
The saddest of notes against a closed door.
The calm, reigning silence of the winter night
Is broken by the caroling choir,
As begins the clear, inspirational flight
Of hymned adoration to regions higher.

Of all the creative powers of man,
Most magnificent is his musical skill,
And most fortunate of all is the person who can
Find music where all is still.

LOUISE ARGURKIS.